WT 589 601 WIDOWER--dazan or phórang.

WT 601 [170]WIFE--áney or zhidmát or toks or troks. But see also "Husband" and "Remarriage."

WT 584 WOO TO--Ladákis don't "woo," as their parents settle their marriages for them.

WT 565 772 [171]YEW BARK--sangldan-i pakspa. The poor Ladákis use it as tea. They slightly roast it, powder it, boil it up with water, and then add soda and ghee.

WT 648 ● 431 [172]ZIAFAT--phoks. This is the term for the presents of sheep, ghee, etc., which, in accordance with the custom of the Kashmir State, used to be made to the British Joint Commissioner in Ladák, each year, on his return from India to Leh. This practice has been discontinued since 1887.

[174] ORIGIN OF THE LAPCHAK MISSION, etc.

WT 175 648 721 I am indebted to Dr. Marx, of the Moravion Mission, for a translation of a portion of the History of Ladák, written by Bering Wáng Chung, which enables me to give the following explanation, regarding the origin of the Lapchak and Chhaba Missions, of the so-called "Minsar Jágeer" of the Maharajah of Kashmir, and the refusal of the Lhása authorities to allow foreigners, other than natives of Ladák, to enter Lhása Territory viá Ladák.

T 175 648 721 About 180 years ago, when Lha-chhen-lde-leks-rnam-rgiál was king of Ladák, a mixed force of Mongols (the Tibetan word for Mongol is Sokpo) and Lhása men invaded and conquered Ladák. For three years they held possession of the country, but then "the Náwáb of Kashmir" sent up a force to aid the Ladákis, and the invaders were defeated, and compelled to retreat to Táshis-gang (about 8 miles east of Demjok), where they entrenched themslves, [sic] and arranged for a treaty of peace in the following manner.

T 175 778 648 WT 175 778 648 The Drukpa (red sect) Omniscient Láma, named Mee-pham-wáng-po, who in his former incarnations had always been the patron Láma of the kings of Ladák, from generation to generation, was sent from Lhása to Táshis-gang, to arrange the conditions of a treaty of peace--for the Ladák king could never refuse to abide by the decision of the Omniscient one.

584 painted his nephew in glowing colors as the model of a young Tibetan farmer; he nettled the people from the Chirpon house by saying that the Dragshos had also once been highly respected officials of the kings and war heroes, that they were well-to-do if not rich, and that the fine property with the two summer places (35) in Nyermo and Skambur

[423] 35. "Summer place" (dbyar-sa) is the designation for the part of a farmer's landholding which lies apart from the rest of his fields in a highland plateau. Usually it has a house belonging to it from which one or two persons work and water the fields through the summer.

was free from encumbrance.

For a long time the arguments and counterarguments had gone back and forth, and time and again the old, sly Chirpon (Norbu Wangchug) boasted about the /58/ "brilliant matches" with the galons and nonos (titles of young noblemen) that his daughter could enter into. In answer to this Stobsldan repeated equally stubbornly the praises of the Dragshos people As a final trump he characterized the "brilliant matches" with which he was perfectly acquainted. He said that the "aristocratic fathers" concerned, who desired Chosskyid as a bride for their sons, were both deeply in debt, one to the monastery Hemis, the other to the neighboring monastery Lamayuru, and moreover, the son of the galon was an extravagant, licentious person who through his wastefulness had brought his own father into misfortune and debts; also, the galon's son had already been a few days in jail in Leh once because of an evil prank. The other suitor, he continued, was a harmless but stupid person whose suit had already been refused by more than one girl, that is to say, by her father At this Norbu Wangchug became more and more quiet, and when finally the conversation had come to an end and everything was properly splashed with beer, then, as the matchmaker was mounting on his horse, the housewife Deskyid had whispered to him: "Well, Acho! (older brother)! Try it some time soon with the "asking beer" (dri-ĉan)! After all, it is still possible to talk about the matter." When the initially shocked and disappointed parents and p'as-pun heard this, their faces lighted up again and that very same evening it was decided to send the asking beer soon to Tingmogang.

● 431 The Asking Beer (36)

36 Tibetan dri-ĉan, meaning "asking beer," also slon-ĉan,

meaning "request beer." To the "beers" described in this section we have parallels in the "beers" customary in several parts of Germany, such as "Kindelbier" (used at baptisms) /literally "child's beer" but translated into English as "christening feast."/, harvest beer, bock beer, honor beer, consolation beer (at funerals), and others of the same kind. 431●

A few days after Stobsldan's mission two men with baskets on their backs were sent to Tingmogang. In each of the baskets there was a large, bulging clay vessel (dza-ma) which contained the important "asking beer." The wide, projecting upper rim of the vessel was covered with a wreath of small lumps of butter (37). A little way 584 431

37. The little lumps of butter (dkar-abyor). The Tibetan word can be translated by "rich possession." The wreath of little lumps of butter is symbolic of "fatness, wealth."

behind the two carriers there followed the two uncles of the suitor, Stobsldan and Tsang Sodnam, on horseback. Once arrived at Tingmogang they dismounted from their horses in front of the Chirpon farm and lifted the heavy jugs of beer out of the baskets. Norbu Wangchug came out to meet them at /59/ the gate of the courtyard. He had a harmless, apparently unsuspecting and still somewhat patronizing air and he greeted them with, "Good day, you gentlemen! Are you in good health?" whereupon the latter answered: "Healthy, yes, thank you! And does the honored gentleman also feel well?" After the customary welcoming formalities had been exchanged with all ceremoniousness, Norbu Wangchug invited the two emissaries into his house. The large Tibetan mastiff which was furiously barking and tearing at its chain by the house door, was pushed down by the master of the house who sat down on the animal until his guests had entered. They went up the stairs into the living room-kitchen where the two uncles put down the chang kegs by the cooking stove on the wreaths of straw--the jugs have billowing bottoms--which had been placed in readiness there. Now the emissaries were invited to sit down near the stove on the felt carpets that had been spread along the wall. As by accident a number of men related to the family and of the tribe of the master of the house arrived, and soon a considerable company of men was sitting together to steaming butter tea; and the cozy gurgling of the circulating water pipe intermingled with the conversation of the [576]

men who apparently suspected nothing and talked about all sorts of things, of horse trading, the shearing of sheep, new tax burdens and the impending visit of a great holy lama; in fact, they talked of everything except about marriage and matchmaking. Finally beer was served. After both Kalatse men had hastily swallowed a few bowls of the beer and had sat in silence for a while, Stobsldan cleared his throat extensively and audibly, began to speak and presented the object of his visit. They brought, he said, 100,000 humble greetings from the Dragshos Lobsang Wanggyal in Kalatse to the gaga (honored gentleman) and the jojo (gracious lady) of the Chirpon house. They had come to look for a bride for the young man in the Dragshos house. Drogpa Namgyal, he stated, was an industrious, honest, energetic and pious boy, all the people of Kalatse could testify to that. And if one looked at the property of the Dragshos one would see that the boy was not a bad match. After all, they all knew the fine property which was free of any encumbrance. Surely it was superfluous to say anything about the virtue, industry and the beauty of the nomo (38) Chosskyid.

38. nomo, meaning "younger sister," is the way every younger female person is addressed by an older person. Even her own parents may address a girl as such.

She did not have her equal in the whole of Ladakh. The Dragshos asked the Chirpon for the girl as a bride for his son.

/60/ The matchmaker's speech was followed by a long silence which was only interrupted by the gurgling of the circulating water pipe which had just reached the master of the house. The latter took a few long draughts from it, put it down, gave the pipe to the person sitting next to him, raised his eyebrows and said: "Noncpale (noble gentlemen)! It is certainly a great honor for me that you have come in order to request my daughter in marriage on behalf of your nephew, the son of my honored friend; and the speech of your mouth is as sweet as sugar and as lovely as the twittering birds. Now you are praising my daughter as 'from one throat.' But how long will this last; after that you will speak nothing but evil words about the girl, then you will say: 'Your daughter has horns in the front of her head and a tail in her back' (that is to say, she is a cow), she is lazy and slovenly, knows nothing about housekeeping or managing the fields. And--moreover--there are so many who would like to have the girl, and there are some very distinguished suitors among them"--at these words Stobsldan nudged

Tsang Sodnam and both laughed secretly. "No, gentlemen, this 584
marriage cannot take place. You will have to look for another bride for Namgyal; after all, there are enough girls in Lower Ladakh. Chosskyid is designated for another man." With these words Norbu Wangchug turned to the men of his tribe who answered with a dead-serious "drig yin (so it is)."

"Yes," Tsang Sodnam now objected, "it is admittedly true that it will be pure graciousness on your part if you give your daughter as a bride to the boy. But you must not say that he and his parents are such bad people. You may inquire in all of Lower Ladakh, and you will only hear them praised as "from one throat." The Dragshos are pious (39) and respectable people. And just think of the wonderful

39. Tibetan: dkon-mčog la ajigs-mk'an.

property they have in fields and cattle. All of you know quite well about that!"

At these words Stobsldan placed a beautiful coral necklace with [431]
silver decorations on the little tea table in front of old Norbu which the latter pretended not to notice at all. All the more did the eyes of the tribe of the Chirpon, especially those of the women present, secretly examine and evaluate the necklace. Argument and counter-argument went back and forth. The beer flowed plentifully into the throats just as the words flowed forth from them in abundance; at first all talking, sueing and praising seemed to fail through the stubborn resistance of Norbu Wangchug /61/ who time and time again brought forth the argument of the "brilliant matches" which his Chosskyid could make. But towards the end of the damp- ot session, after the woman Deskyid, the wife of Norbu Wangchug, had whispered all sorts of things to her husband and after the p'as-pun had brought the old man somewhat to his senses in muted conversations by admonishing him finally to desist from boasting about the brilliant prospects of his daughter and telling him that nobody, after all, cared for those "distinguished suitors" of whom he was constantly speaking, and that the Dragshos son was a son-in-law who was not to be despised; after all this, finally, the father mumbled something between his lips made heavy by beer, which sounded like "talk about it once more." And when the two matchmakers finally arose with great difficulty as darkness was descending, their heads and limbs were heavy from beer and talk; but their hearts were light. Mother Deskyid had taken the necklace

Jupiter with his thunderbolt. Friday was considered a day of evil portent. 777

either unlucky or at least less propitious for the purpose." The devil tamer who was in a very good mood today, gave Lobsang Wanggyal many another piece of "good advice" of the same tenor, until the latter's head was buzzing and he no longer knew whether the horoscope was good or bad. The fee was moderate this time for a marriage horoscope--five rupees. But at parting the onpo called after Lobsang Wanggyal: "Be so kind as to send a sack of barley soon; I have hardly a handful of roasted barley flour for kollag and I will have to suffer hunger if I don't get something soon; this is my last kollag," and in so saying the onpo pointed at a lump of the size of about two fists. "Oh, oh (yes, yes)," answered the Dragshos rather annoyed while he walked out--he knew the "distress" of the devil-tamer only too well--and to himself he mumbled: "I shall take my time over sending him the barley." The onpo had mumbled something about "paying"; the Dragshos knew that kind of paying too. 787

The Ransom Beer (42) 583

42. Tibetan holtshang (hol-čan). The word indicates the fact that through complicated negotations and by purchase, the bride must be "ransomed" from the control of her parents and of her tribe.

A month later a small caravan of Kalatse people walked and rode across the plateau to Tingmogang. In the early morning seven men and women had already carried seven clay jugs /following p. 64 there are two full-page illustrations, the first with the subtitle: "Lama with a magical bell and a magical dagger"; the second showing a man "at the weaver's loom."/ /65/ in carrying baskets, filled with beer, each jug containing from eight to ten liters. A little later followed Lobsang Wanggyal with his brother Stobsldan, his brother-in-law Tsang Sodnam with other men of his relation and p'as-pun, all riding on horseback. They all went immediately to the house of Norbu Wangchug. After they had arrived in the living room-kitchen, Stobsldan placed a greeting cloth (k'a-btags) (43) on the little table in front of the owner 584 [431]

43. k'a-btags (pronounced k'atag.), greeting cloth or greeting 000

[cf. cat. 116, p. 60 - footnote 43 - Analyst]

exorcisms of demons, is in the shape of half a dorje (thunder- 533
bolt) which, cast in ore, belongs to the equipment of the 539
lama magicians.

First Girl Oh, saw you then not my companion?
Saw you not my friend Tseringskyid?
Second Girl You companion, I know her not,
Tseringskyid, your friend, I know not
I saw pass by a beautiful maiden,
She was spinning a thread of pure silk.

/72/Now the song ceased. Even the circle of arguing and haggling 000
parties had become quiet. The old familiar sounds of the alternate song with the merry play of the two girls had not missed their effect. The heated disputes that had just gone on again became peaceful chatting and soon everything was pure bliss and friendship. It was late in the afternoon. The sun had long gone down behind the mountains that fringed the valley when the people from Kalatse finally mounted their horses and rode homeward.

## The Contract and the Relatives' Beer (55)

55. Tibetan t'ig-can and nyen-can.

584

After about fourteen days the relatives and the p'as-pun of both houses again gathered together, this time in Lobsang Wanggyal's house in Kalatse, for the contract beer which at the same time was to be the "relatives' beer," that is to say, the engagement celebration. Again butter tea and flat bread cakes were served, and then they went over to the chang--during these months beer was constantly being brewed in large clay jugs in both houses; they ate, they drank and they sang, now the men, now the women and the girls, and when the men were again in the mood for it, the bargaining and the haggling over the "price of the mother milk" started anew. After long bickering and quarreling back and forth and threats of breaking off the negotiations, they agreed upon 50 so for the time being, yet the Kalatse people were still hoping to knock something off that sum at the "beers" that were yet to follow.

Now the moment had come to decide upon the guests that 585
should be invited to the wedding. Each side endeavored to invite as 431.

585 as many guests of a superior rank as possible, so that they could show off with their aristocratic connections and also outdo the other side.
431 Lobsang Wanggyal was less inclined towards this, since he favored a limited number of guests; but his mother insisted upon severe competition here. However, honor and dignity bring burdens with them (noblesse oblige). Every guest had to receive a gift, and the more aristocratic he was, the greater the gift would have to be. A considerable list of guests was finally drawn up. There was the galon from Jangpa near Leh who, the people in the Chirpon house in Tingmogang claimed, was related to them. According to custom /72/ he had to receive nine greeting ribbons of yellow silk (mt'san-pa); each of the five lamas who were asked to attend the engagement ceremony received 13 greeting ribbons, the lonpo from Domkhar, whom the Dragshos people invited as their relative, received nine, the three village magistrates of Kalatse, Teya, and Tingmogang each received seven greeting bands and the remaining farmer relatives and members of the clan, according to his standing, rank and property, were given five to seven tsanpa as a greeting and a mark of esteem. The best men, the bridesmaids and the female friends of the bride (bag-rogs) were each to obtain three rupees and four pieces of calico. As a formality the parents of the bride received the same present from the Dragshos house.

585 Finally they discussed what kind of expenses should be incurred at the wedding. Old Norbu Wangchug wanted to make a great display. He made his demands nonsensically high. The Kalatse people were in favor of a more modest celebration, for they and their clan had to pay most of the expenses. Finally they agreed upon five sheep that were to be killed, 40 chang (clay vessels of beer), 300 flat bread cakes, two bati (56) Ziegeltee /tile tea/, seven hide sacks of butter, and in

[804] 56. 1 bati is equivalent to four pounds of English weight, equalling 1,800 grams.

addition salt, natron, vegetables, onions as much as the cook would demand, the necessary greeting cloths, and other things of the kind.

000 Finally they were tired of haggling and for the rest of the evening they gave themselves over entirely to enjoyment and rejoicing. They ate, they drank, they sang, and they danced. Once even the bridegroom joined the men engaged in drinking and talking. But not for long. He did not enjoy noisy company. Once or twice the bride

585 entire clan to Kalatse to take part in the further celebration. The young couple went out to meet them. Accompanied by the Nyaopas and Bagrogs they went as far as the plain beyond the gorge in order to present themselves now as the newly married couple to the parents and to the relatives of the bride. The couple greet the parents with the customary bows, clasping of knees, and so forth. The best man and the bridesmaids each place a jug of tea and beer before the parents who have dismounted from their horses. The parents give the daughter a beautifully embroidered Kashmir cloth worked in different colors; to the son-in-law they give a colorful sash. The best men and the bridesmaids each receive a few silver coins. Then the whole company goes to the Dragshos house together, where the guests are very gradually reassembling; some of them do not get back until the afternoon.

/Following page 112 there are two full-page illustrations; one of a praying Buddha figure, without a subtitle; the second showing the "preparing of the butter tea" (subtitle)./

/113/ Since Lobsang Wanggyal's house was also unable to hold all the guests, the celebration took place in his apricot garden where the large tent was again erected for the benefit of the elegant guests. The others sat down on carpets outside and soon there developed the same picture as the one of the preceding day: They ate, they drank, they sang, they danced, and they gave themselves over to uninhibited 585 gaiety. But the element that gave this celebration its special character 431 was the fact that the relatives and the members of the clan, the closest neighbors and the elegant guests of the Dragshos, delivered the contribution, in so far they had not already done so. Large goat's hair sacks with wheat, barley, and flour; beer in enormous clay jugs, butter in hide sacks, salt, Teeziegel /tea tiles/; furthermore Tibetan cloth in rolls, articles of clothing; the lonpo donated an entire suit of clothing: jacket, trousers, shirt, leggings, and sash for Namgyal. Also a few sheep and goats were driven in as contributions, and finally the money promised by various individuals for Lobsang Wanggyal was given to the lonpo. The latter received all the contributions, wrote down all that had been supplied and all payments of money on a list, and then carefully compared what had been received with what everyone had promised at the consultation beer. The other men also examined closely what each individual had contributed. Most of them had brought exactly what they had promised, some even brought a little more in order to outdo the others. Some, only a few, came with empty hands but promised to bring in their contribution later. Shangkupa (in German:

Wölfing: /perhaps just a coinage meaning "wolf-man."--translator./) 585
from Teya had promised a sheep and now he only brought a little 431
goat's kid. "The wolf has eaten his sheep himself," Bandhepa thereupon mocked, alluding to the name of the man who had a reputation for being stingy. It was Bandhepa, as may be recalled, who always opened his mouth the widest. "That's right, and the ram stank too much for him, and therefore he wanted to get rid of it," some of the other men immediately joined in. These taunts went on in this manner for the entire day until there was almost a fight with the wolf-man. The lonpo who was respected among all of them, finally established peace again.

The celebration lasted far into the night. The later it became, 585
the wilder the goings-on got. Yon-tan from the Break-leg house, the brother of the village lama, would begin to sing drinking songs /114/ which provoked the guests to drink. No one wanted to be behind the other in this, everyone tried to outdo the other in drinking. Few of them stayed sober like Lobsang Wanggyal who, although he was a host who liked to appear generous and who liked to see jolly guests around him, nevertheless kept measure in drinking himself.

As it became dark there suddenly appeared a troupe of Bedas, [563]
men and women, boys and girls, of Aryan-Indian descent, an itinerant 585
people of musicians and jugglers who always appear wherever happy 533
occasions are being celebrated and where there is something to be 535
earned. Some of the boys and girls had attractive, regular features, but their deportment was brash and provoking. The Bedas sang Indian and Tibetan songs to the lute, some of these with a delicate and fragrant content. Their dances, accompanied by the sound of the lute and of the tambourine were also not without their charm. But the later it got and the more everybody's blood was stirred, the wilder and more passionate the songs and the dances became; and at times the celebration threatened to degenerate into a wild orgy, something which Lobsang Wanggyal, however, was able to prevent.

The young bridegroom appeared among the guests for a short 585
period of time and sitting among his relatives he listened for a while to the goings-on. But towards evening, as soon as this seemed feasible, he left the carousing and brawling company whose doings he did not enjoy. His young wife looked on at the dances for a while, standing in the door with her Bagrogs; then she disappeared too.

Not till late at night did the people from Tingmogang and the guests from the neighboring villages set out on their way home. Once

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4



792 scattered on the lawn—a tin airplane, a jumping jack, and a bow
159 and arrow. He came flying back with the airplane, and Rinpoche held it in his hands, rushing about making a noise like a dive bomber. Then he disappeared with his companion, and I did not see him again until Rahul and I were eating our evening meal.

792 The house[2] had a central hall that ran its length. My room was
346 on the right as one entered, Rinpoche's on the left. The door to the room was a heavy drape that hung to the floor. My room was unadorned except for a small table, a few chairs, and a carpet. The toilet was in a detached, primitive outhouse in the rear. Rahul and I laid our bedrolls on the floor and unpacked our duffel, and a lama brought hot water in a basin for washing. An-
262 other lama brought food from the kitchen. It was an orthodox Buddhist meal, strictly vegetarian in accord with the teaching of the Gautama that no man should kill any man or animal—not
[576] even sheep for mutton, cattle for beef, or trout for fish. Our dinner consisted of beans, potatoes, and corn, cooked together in a highly spiced dish, boiled rice, *chapattis*, and *gur gur cha*. And as the grimy lama served us, he held a cloth over his mouth.

792 Previously, while we unpacked, I had seen the curtain covering
159 our doorway move. Looking up, I saw Rinpoche disappear. He had been watching us. In a few seconds he peeked again, his eyes wide with excitement as I inflated my air mattress. He disappeared every time I looked at him. Then curiosity got the better of him, and at last he stood inside the room, feasting his eyes on all our equipment. He appeared over and again as we ate the frugal evening meal, his friendly face showing for a brief second in the doorway, his eyes dancing with merriment, as if he were playing a game with us.

792 The next morning I paid an official call on Rinpoche to tender
• 431 him presents. As Lowell Thomas, Jr., describes in *Out of This World*, the customary present that a guest gives his Tibetan host and that a host in turn gives his guest is a white scarf, which signifies the purity of friendship. That is true in Ladakh as well.



[2] [i.e., Hemis Monastery— ANALYST]

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

## *An Incarnate Lama*

The day we left Hemis the Lobon summoned Rahul and me, and as I stood before Rinpoche with outstretched arms, he descended from the dais and placed a white silk scarf across them. I then placed the scarf around my neck. The Lobon presented me with a package of tea. The same gifts were presented to Rahul in the same ritual.

I did not, however, have a white scarf (*kathak*) to present. The gift I wanted especially to give was a fishing outfit. I had a fine, steel telescopic rod with a light reel, nylon line and leaders, dry flies, wet flies, and bait hooks. This, I thought, was the ideal gift for a boy, especially a boy who lived in remote Hemis, days and days of travel from the nearest city where such luxuries might be obtained. I inquired of the Lobon if that gift would be fitting. After weighing my question an appropriate minute he said no. Buddha's teaching was not to take life. All life became sacred, the beasts of the field and the fish of the rivers included. The Lobon thought that if Rinpoche were to be raised in the Buddhist philosophy he should not have a fishing outfit.

"It might tempt him to catch fish," he stated.

"Tempt him?" I said, turning to Rahul. "It would create an irresistible impulse." And so I tendered less disquieting gifts: dried milk, sugar, candies, raisins, plastic spoons, tins of jam, crackers, and, to the special delight of Rinpoche, an air mattress.

It was an interesting and simple ceremony. Rahul and I took off our shoes and entered Rinpoche's room. He was seated on a dais, his back to the window. The Lobon, Phuntzog, sat on cushions below the level of the dais and to the left of the Rinpoche. I presented the gifts one at a time, handing them to the Lobon, who in turn gave them to my host, explaining each time what they were. The little fellow's eyes danced with excitement with each gift; and he was almost beside himself when the air mattress was presented, and at once insisted to the Lobon that he sleep on it that very night.

That afternoon after I had presented my gifts to the Rinpoche

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4



man crosses the pass for the first time, for the ponymen to present him as he nears the rest-house with a little posy of flowers, which he is supposed to acknowledge with the usual rupee, an exchange of mutual compliment and congratulation on the safe accomplishment of the crossing of man and beast, but with the pass covered in its white mantle, there was too much concern for real safety to attend to this little ritual, even had Nature been able to prepare her spring favours. It was amusing to recollect how on coming down from Leh one August with their five-and-a-half months' baby who had been born up there, the Doctor and his wife had paid toll for the infant's first crossing though they themselves were exempt. On this second day several of the travellers suffered with sore eyes, and a bottle of eye lotion which the Doctor Memsahib happened to have with her was in great request. Two or three natives were passed, heads directed downwards, one with a precious umbrella, another even holding an end of his puggaree across his painful eyes. One of our party had a severely inflamed eye in spite even of glasses and veil, and this snow blindness is extremely painful. Among the patients was the elder son of the Rajah of Khaplu, who was found with his family at Matayan, and, although we arrived there at just after nine a.m., they had not started off on the next march, Matayan being the full stage from Baltal which they had actually achieved the previous day. The Doctor Memsahib went in to see the purdah lady and found her perfectly composed and cheerful and ready for her next bumping. Meanwhile the Roosevelt party had passed on to Dras, twelve miles further, having only come four or five miles from their camping place. The Doctor's party stopped to lunch or rather "brunch" (for this roadside meal is usually a combination of breakfast and lunch) on the bungalow verandah, and, when the ponymen came up, they said they would prefer to go on to Dras rather than stay the night at Matayan, as there is no pony fodder there. So we took to the road again,

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4



in bed sleeps on the outside," as the [illegible]side bed-fellow has one side relatively exposed. Sleep at an altitude of about 17,000 feet is fugitive; in fact neither of us got much that night, and, even when it did come, we woke up with a most disagreeable sensation, as if somebody were sitting on our chests so that we could not properly fill them with air.

We have finally arrived at Drogpo Karpo, where the conference is to take place. This is a large grassy plain, surrounded by snow mountains, at the further end of which the camp is pitched. In the centre are the tents of the Commissioner and Wazir with their respective flags. In front of these stands a square tent nicely carpeted, in which are a table and chairs. This is to serve as conference room. We had arrived a little before time, and before the Tibetans. They, however, turned up soon afterwards, and presented quite an impressive sight, as they rode, two and two, into camp. First came, not the standard bearer, but the Umbrella-of-State-Bearer. After these some soldiers, although we should not have recognized them as such, had we not inquired as to their function, for there was nothing very martial about them, save the muzzle-loaders they bore. They wore the usual dressing-gown coats of homespun held together round the waist by a big kammerbund, red Wellington boots with very thick soles and hats shaped somewhat like lemon squeezers. These were followed by various members of the staff, then the great man himself, whilst still others followed him. Having settled themselves into their quarters, the Wazir sent a message across to say that H.H. the Maharajah desired them to regard themselves as his guests. They on their part sent a delegation with twenty-five bricks of tea, and a piece of *snambu* (homespun) with the request that a time be fixed when their chief representative, the Gaspon, could come to pay his respects. Punctually to time he arrived. His dress consisted of a lovely blue skirt, and a Chinese coat of the same colour which was buttoned up to his neck. His

24:Peter E-5 (1938)1963 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Lahul



shrine of the local deity (*yül-lha*, (*Yul-lha*)), where she offers up some *chang*. His father and three of his relatives have, in the meantime, carried a large pile of *tsampa* up to the same place, and they, too, present it to the god as an offering. A lama will then draw the figure of a stag in the dust in front of the shrine, and will shoot at it with an arrow from a bow he has brought. This is supposed to kill all evil which might attack the child.

Next, when a boy is between four and five, his hair is ritually cut in a ceremony which goes by the name of *Raldag* (probably *Ral-ltag*, "long hair-neck hair"). After three days of feasting in which the whole family, their relatives and their friends take part, the child's maternal uncle (*azhang* (*a-zhang*)) shears all his nephew's hair off and takes the locks to each person present in turn. In exchange for looking at the hair, they each give a small piece of money to the parents as a lucky offering.

The first doctor whom I saw was called Sönam Tashi (*bSod-Nams-bKra-shis*) and he was a lama from a village called Bardgi. He informed me that there were quite a lot of nervous ailments in Lahul, the principal ones being epilepsy and hysteria. The first of these two appeared when the person was about fifteen years old, and he attributed the cause to alcohol. He thought, too, that it might have some connection with the high incidence of venereal diseases to be found in the valley, infections which he said had been introduced from Kulu. Hysteria often brought with it symptoms of frigidity in women and of impotence in men, and he had a number of patients suffering in this way. As a cure for epilepsy, he advocated beating with hot juniper branches. Hysteria was better cured, he thought, by administering pills made of paper upon which prayers had been written.

There was a Government Hospital at Kyelang, and on the 28th June 1938 I went there to interview its director, Dr. Bhagwan Singh. I asked him about Tibetan medicine, and who the local doctors were in Lahul. He told me that there were quite a number of them and that they went by the name of *amchi* (*Am-ch'hi* or *Aem-ch'hi*). The best among them was Katug (*Ka-bTug*) of Chelling, but there were also Tsering Norbu (*Ts'he-ring Nor-bu*) of Billing, Dön-drup (*Don-Grub*) of Kardang, and the old uncle of the Wazir, Thakur Mangal Chand, *amchi* of Kyelang, whose Tibetan name was Tashi Dawa (*bKra-shis Zla-ba*). According to Dr. Bhagwan Singh, ayurvedic medicine (although I think this was only his way of naming Tibetan medicine as distinct from the Western system) was practised, but extra to this, considerable use was made of Tibetan medicinal herbs.

24:Peter E-5 (1938)1963 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Ladak



A man is *yuksapa* (*Yugs-sa-pa*) after the death of his wife, also for a period of time the duration of which depends on circumstances (if it is the senior or one of the junior wives) and on the part of Ladak. His mourning is less severe than that of a woman, and all he has to do is to keep from rejoicing and amusing himself, not put on any jewelry or gay colours, wear his hat with the side flaps turned down. He may eat in common with the members of his household and need not stay indoors for the length of time that he is unclean.

During the period of birth pollution, a certain number of ceremonies connected with the new-born child take place in the house of its parents. If it is a boy, a *da-dar* (*mDa-dar*), that is an arrow with silk ribbons of five different colours attached to it, is placed in a pot of grain next to the mother's bed. Before the babe takes its first milk, one of the fathers (the most influential one) takes a spoon and with saffron powder draws the last letter of the Tibetan alphabet "A" in reverse on it. He then prints this letter on the child's mouth, be it a boy or a girl, and it is only after this that it is allowed to take any nourishment.

The next step is to call in an *Onpo* (*dbang-po*) or astrologer, who is entrusted with making the baby's horoscope. Seven days later, relatives and visitors, but no one of the new-born's *p'haspun*, arrive to congratulate. They bring *mar-zan* (*Mar-Zan*) or "butter-porridge" (made of butter, rice sugar and apricots) with them and feast on it with the family.

At the same time as the *lhabsang* cleansing ceremony takes place, the child has its hair cut (*gJur*) in a special way – short on top, but left long on the sides –, a black soot mark is placed on its face from the tip of its nose upwards towards and over its forehead, and it is given iron bangles to wear. It will keep all these marks until it is four or five years old.

After the cleaning ceremony is finished, the parents can go normally about their business again. It is then that relatives and friends, including members of the *p'haspun*, come on visit in a festival called *Da-kang* (*Zla-Gang*) or "month full". They bring ornaments, presents for the child, and some coins of one pice (called *Tambol* in Ladak, which I presume to be a Hindu word as it is not Tibetan). This money is paid to the parents, but it is repayable, in that when the giver has a birth in his house, the amount will have to be paid back by the present recipient.

The paternal aunt (father's sister) brings a special type of cap to this festival, called a *Pan-ju* (*Pan-Jwu*) or "small Pandit cap", a type of